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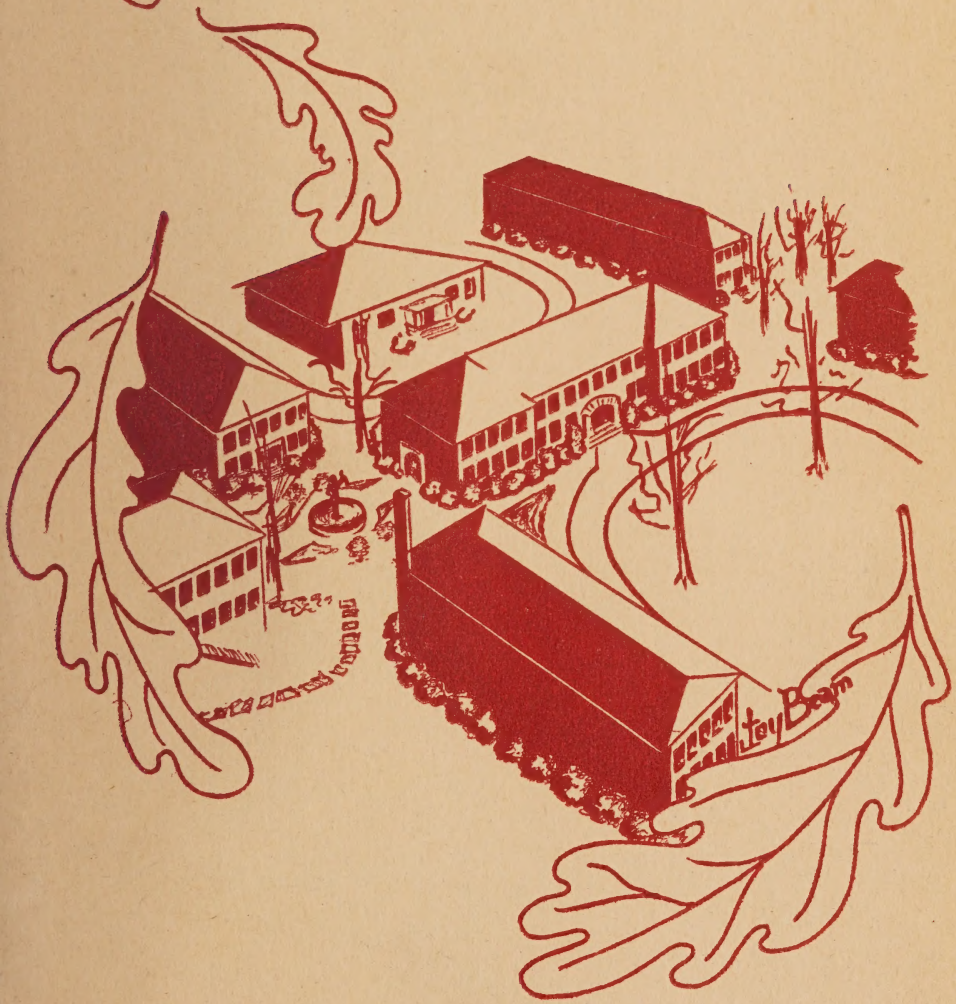

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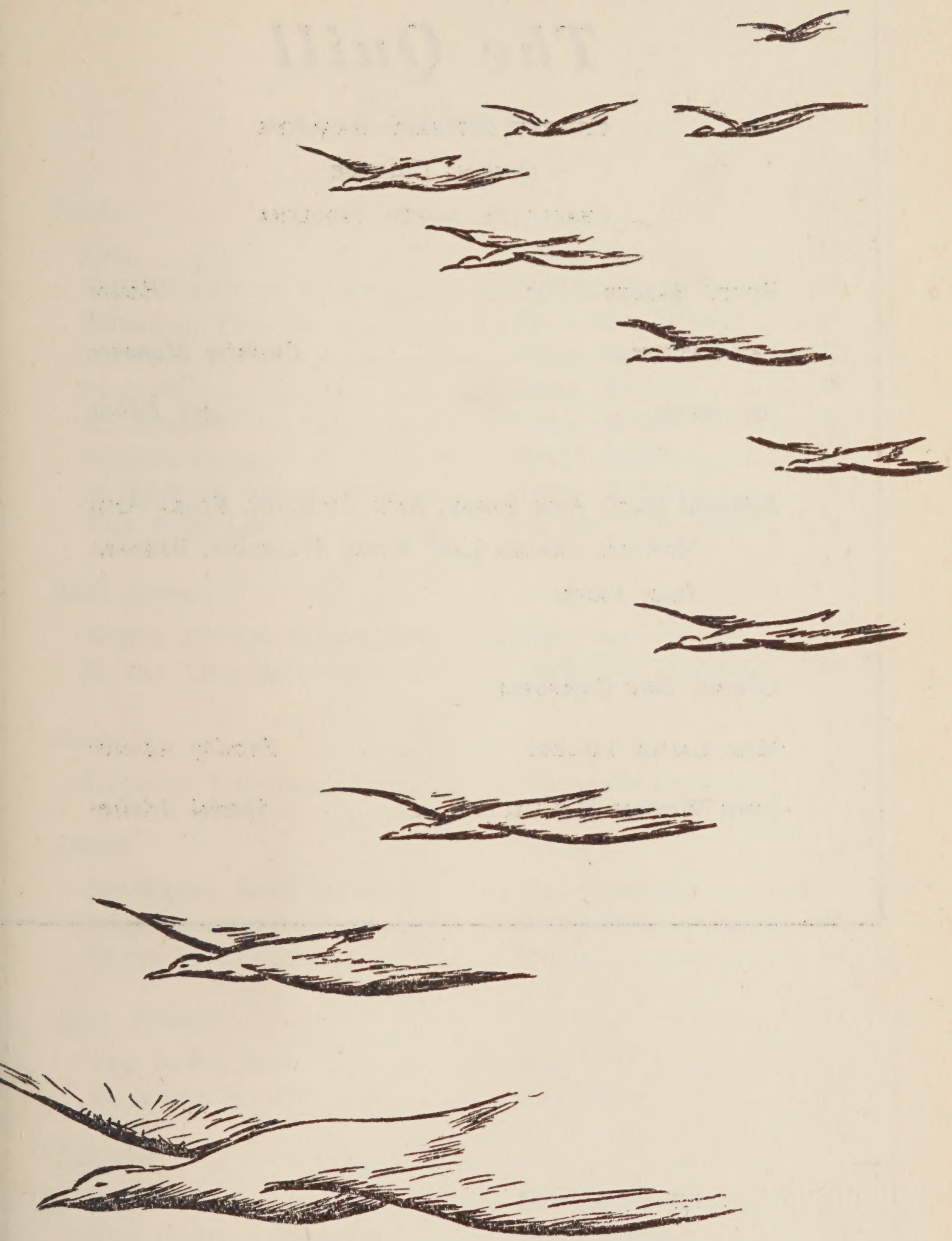

The Quill

STUDENT LITERARY MAGAZINE

QUEENS COLLEGE

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

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The Blue Lady

BARBARA JEAN FANT

The moonlight shone on the river swift,
The Savannah sought the sea,
A handsome lad and beauteous maid
Both stood beneath a tree.

"Goodbye, my dear," the young man said.
"Please promise you'll wait for me
'Til I can come and take you away
With the fortune I'll make on the sea."

"I'll go with you now," the girl replied.
"No matter what father said
I know that together we'll need no gold
But apart — I fear what's ahead."

"When I return the world will know
That I am worthy of you
So promise you'll wait," he said, "on this spot
In your beautiful dress of blue.

For I have loved the summer sky
And I have loved the sea
But the blue of your eyes and of your dress
Are always more haunting to me."

So they kissed beneath the sheltering tree
And the young man went away.
The sad girl watched 'til the coming dawn
Had streaked the sky with grey.

Oh the way of the sea is very strange
And the way of the sea is wild,
For many a young man has lost his life
And many a woman and child.

She waited each night on that river bank
For her lover to come from the sea.
Always in blue she stood on the bank
Beneath that sheltering tree.

The years passed by and he came no more
And the lovely maid grew old
Until one day, of a broken heart,
Her sweet little body was cold.

Time has not stilled her wonderful love
And she is seen roaming now.
Though eighty years have come and gone
The Blue Lady keeps her vow.

With deep blue eyes and dressed in blue
She walks each night to the tree.
And as she waits for her lover's return,
The Savannah seeks the sea.

A Whopper Grasshopper

BETTY BARBER

A whopper grasshopper
One bright sunny day
Went loping along in
A hedge hopping way

He saw the great world
Both from near and afar
In leaping and bounding
He was a great star.

But this day he wanted
To show off his skill
So taking a leap he
Jumped o'er an ant hill

But woe and alas! oh
He fell in a pool
Of shallow green water
For swimming too cool

From him we may learn a
Great lesson to keep
To be safe and wise we
Must look before—leap.

White Tie and White Lie

FLORA ANN NOWELL

CHRIS PLUMPED HERSELF on the high lab stool, twisted her saddle shoes comfortable around its legs, adjusted the bunsen burner a trifle, and chin in hand, stared dismally, at a drop of benzene trickling down the side of the flask. Suddenly she was on her feet. Benzene was explosive! She watched horrified as the drop slid into the flame. She held her breath, waiting for an explosion. There was a faint sizzle, nothing further.

"I thought benzene exploded like all get out, Polly."

"It does."

"Mine just didn't."

"What on earth are you talking about, Chris? What have you done now?"

"A drop of benzene from my flask leaked out. It didn't explode."

Slowly Chris began to suspect the truth. She dashed over to the equipment table and turned the bottle from which she'd filled her flask.

"Polly! Guess what I'm heating!"

"Hydrochloric?"

"Worse than that. Distilled water!"

Polly laughed until the tears ran down her plump cheeks.

"Honestly, Chris, won't you ever learn?"

"What's Chris done now?" asked Lil from the other side of the lab desk.

"She's trying to make Ortho-benxoyl enzoic acid out of distilled aitch-two-oh."

"She isn't! Chris, you dope."

Everybody laughed, and Chris felt herself blushing. She always managed to do everything in the wrongest way possible. She glanced across the desk at Madge Conway, who has stretched her lips into a thin line of disapproval. Madge's experiments never failed; her quizzes always rated an A. Dr. Haigler said she was a born chemist.

"I wish she'd have just one little explosion some day," thought Chris wickedly, as she began removing her stopper from her flask.

"What are you doing, Christine?" asked a cool voice at her elbow.

It was Dr. Haigler, five feet two and one-half inches of energy and industry. She had spent her life among test tubes and bunsens, and she had the most profound respect for scientific pursuit of the purest nature. Chris's messiness was the blight on her otherwise pleasant days.

"I've made a little mistake?" said Chris awkwardly.

"What do you have in that flask?" asked Dr. Haigler sternly.

Chris told her in a wee small voice. Dr. Haigler gave a snort of derision.

"If you aren't careful you'll be late for the dance," she said caustically.

Chris watched her move around the table to peep at Madge's perfect experiment and then sullenly began refilling her flask.

"She needn't worry," she said to Polly; "I'm not going to the dance."

"Not going! But Chris, I thought Tom—"

"The dope got *campused*. Broke some silly rule. He just let me know last night, but 'course he couldn't have let me know sooner, 'cause he didn't know himself."

"But, Chris, Wimberley's biggest dance! You just have to go."

It was Wimberley's most formal and elaborate dance of the year. Prizes were offered for individually designed gowns, for club decorations, and for the dreamiest escorts. The whole college was excited.

"I'm so mad I could cry," said Chris, "And that's not the half of it. Did I ever mention Felix Cartwright to you?"

"Don't think so. Who's he?"

"His mom and my mom were room mates in college. He's one of those 'friends of the family' creatures—you know. Anyway he called this morning, and he's coming out tonight."

"Why don'tcha take him to the dance?"

"Are you kidding? The drip can't even dance. While the rest of you are having the time of your lives, *I'll* be sitting in Fairfax Hall entertaining the world's prize goon. Everything happens to me!"

"Say that is a bad situation, no joke. You've got my sympathy. Hey, don't drop that condenser! Here, let me help you."

With Polly's help the apparatus was soon set up again. Chris turned the bunsen up as high as she dared and went over to the equipment table to measure something for the next step. An instant later Polly shrieked, "Chris, look!"

Chris looked. Her whole experiment was ablaze. A tongue of fire was licking tentatively at her lab manual. Screaming, she flung herself across the room and began blowing at the flames. Oddly enough they went out, leaving in their wake soddy, black equipment and a brown, scorched streak across the lab manual page. The entire lab had gathered around Chris's desk by that time. Dr. Haigler was the first to speak.

"There's no real damage done. Go on back to your places, girls, and attend to your own work," she said, and then turned to Chris. "You are a very lucky young lady. That might have been serious. *Must* you be so careless?"

"I'm sorry, Dr. Haigler," muttered Chris; "I was in a hurry and didn't wipe off my flask I guess."

"Didn't I tell you folks three times that benzene is dangerous to handle? And didn't I look straight at you all three times?"

"Yes'm."

"Really, Christine, I don't know what I'm going to do with you. You don't even try to be careful, do you?"

"Dr. Haigler, would you come here a minute? I seem to have an impurity."

Chris breathed a sigh of relief. It was Lil drawing Haigy's fire again. Good old Lil. But Madge was still there.

"Anybody as dumb as you, Christine Evans," she was saying, "ought to be majoring in something safe like medieval history. You're gonna blow us all up some time, and I'm right across from you."

Chris reached over and turned on the water. The length of rubber hose, not yet attached to the condenser, wheeled around dousing Madge *and* her perfect experiment. Chris cut it off at once, smothering a giggle. She'd done that often enough by accident—never before on purpose.

Madge screamed and began viciously applying a paper towel.

"That was completely unnecessary," she cried. "Why, of all possible places, do I have to be right across from you?"

"Oh, dry up," said Chris crossly; "At least you're going to the dance."

"I am *not*. You'll find me in 128 Hamilton studying for that organic quiz tonight."

"What organic quiz? We don't have one tomorrow, do we?"

"'Course not, but we have one Tuesday."

"But this is only Friday."

"If you glanced occasionally at your notes before the day before a test, you might make more than a D sometime."

"Why, Madge, you know I made a C last time."

"Well it was an easy test. I made a hundred."

Chris reached for the water tap again, but changed her mind. Madge would never believe it was an accident twice in succession. She turned instead to Polly.

"Do you have a clean flask?" she asked. "I can't seem to find one anywhere."

Polly produced one and helped her set up the experiment again. Good old Polly.

"What on earth would I do without you and Lil?" exclaimed Chris for the hundredth time that semester. "I'd be lost completely."

It was six o'clock when she finally stuck the label on her specimen bottle containing ten precious grams of ortho-benzoyl-benzoic acid. She folded up her lab apron and put it away, locked her drawer, turned off the ventilator and the suction pumps, and left in a rush. Outside, people were on their way to supper.

Somebody yelled, "Aren't you awfully late getting out of lab, Chris? I saw Lil an hour ago."

"Yeah," she yelled back, "I had a sort of a bad day."

"A sort of a bad day," she repeated under her breath. "What an understatement! I set up my darned experiment *three* times, got Haigy sore at me—sorer, that is—, can't go to the dance, and have the blissful prospect of entertaining Felix all evening. What a life!"

Sometime later she lay curled up on the foot of her bed enviously watching her room mate, Dinky, press her new frothy pink evening dress. Beyond, her own creation hung dejectedly on the closet door.

"Golly I wish you were going, Chris," said Dinky earnestly; "That stinking Tom. The least he could do is behave himself."

"Oh, he couldn't help it, Dinky. Poor fellow. Half the student body at Hearthstone will be over here tonight, and he'll be in his room campused."

"Yeah, I guess you're right, but it's just a shame. Your new dress and everything."

At that point Elise March poked her head in the door. "Telephone, Chris," she said.

It was Tom.

"Hello, Honey," he said. "I have good news. I'm gonne be able to make it after all."

"Tom, that's wonderful. You got a reprieve?"

"Heck, no. I just slipped out."

"Why, Thomas Edgecombe Blake Jr., you big-eared dope. You know you'll get caught, and breaking campus is plenty serious, isn't it?"

"Sure is. I might get shipped. But I just couldn't stand the idea of your not going to your lushest dance. I did it all for you."

"You sound heart-breakingly noble, Big Boy, but no dance is worth it. You just take yourself back over to Hearthstone quick before they miss you. I can't go anyway."

"You can't go! Why not?"

She told him.

"But can't you get out of it," he pleaded.

"I don't see how."

"Well it seems to me after the risk *I've* taken, *you* could think of *something*."

She hesitated. Tom might not get caught, and she *did* want to go to the dance.

"Please, Chrissy," he begged.

"O. K.," she said quickly; "I'll get rid of him somehow, even if I have to daub my face with lipstick and pretend I have measles. G'bye now."

She let the phone drop back into its cradle and let her chin drop into her hand. What to do with Felix? Ten absurd ideas paraded through her head, and she discarded them all. Suddenly she had it. Madge wasn't going to the dance!

She jumped up and hastened down the hall to room 128. She hesitated just a second, took a deep breath, and flung open the door.

"Why, Madge, you aren't studying that old organic already, are you? You *can't* be. Listen, Hon, the most wonderful thing has happened. I'm going to the dance after all, but I have an extra man on my hands who can't dance. I was feeling sorry for you anyway, trying to study in the midst of the excitement, and I thought of you right off when I found Felix was gonna be extra. He's *just* your type. I know you'll love him. He's—"

"Hey, hold on a minute," Madge butted in; "I don't think I'd better go."

"Nonsense. You've just gotta go. Don't worry a minute about that organic. The very least you'll make is a B, and you need one occasionally to keep you from getting conceited."

She opened the door of the closet and pulled out a blue wool dress trimmed in metallic silver.

"Here wear this. You look like a dream in it. Well, don't just sit there. There isn't much time."

"Really, Chris, I don't think I'd better."

"Honestly, Madge! You don't want to be an old maid, do you?"

"No, but—"

"No buts. Here, you put this on, and I'll get your pumps and hose. Where are they?"

The still protesting Madge was dressed and ready to go by the time Elise yelled "Company in Fairfax," and Chris grabbed her by the hand and dragged her out.

"You've just gotta hurry," she urged. "It takes time to get ready for a dance, you know. I haven't even painted my nails."

They saw Felix by the time they reached the door of Fairfax. He looked oddly out of place in his brown overcoat among several early arrivals for the dance in their trim tails.

"He doesn't look like my type to me," Madge whispered.

"You can't judge people by the way they look," Chris whispered back. "I didn't promise you Adonis, you know."

She explained as quickly and as tactfully as possible to Felix, introduced Madge to him, and left before he had time to insert a single "but."

"The funny thing about it is," she thought, "I've probably done her a big favor. They may even get engaged."

Thirty minutes later, she stood surveying herself without disapproval in the full-length mirror. Her copper-colored hair, curling tantalizingly about her shoulders, shone like a new penny, and the blue of her dress exactly matched the blue of her eyes.

"Well," she sighed. "That's the fastest I've ever dressed for a dance. Will I do, Dinky?"

"I'll say," said Dinky with admiration; "You look ravishing. How 'bout me?"

Chris glanced sidewise at her attractive room mate. The pale pink gown was the perfect setting for her long, dark brown hair and her creamy white complexion.

"Diana Redfearn," she said with a mock bow, "you will be the belle of the ball. Mark my words."

Tom looked like a dream in his tails and Chris almost strutted as they walked from Fairfax to the gym, where the dance was being held. At the door, however, a sliver of cold fear inserted itself where gaity had been. Stanley Adams and his date stood there.

"Hello, Blake," he said casually.

"Isn't he the student council president at Hearthstone?" whispered Chris miserably after they'd gotten inside. "Oh, Tom, you're caught."

"Golly Pete," he said, "I'd forgotten all about him being here. And there's Art Jackson. He's on council too. Oh, well, there were a lot of us campused at the same time. They probably won't remember I'm not supposed to be here."

"Look here, Chris," he said, pulling her around to face him. "I'll have a much better chance if I brazen it out than if I run away now. Promise me you won't worry. Everything will be O. K., I know, and I want you to have fun."

Chris promised, but she didn't keep her promise. She worried the whole night. She worried in the arms of tall, bronzed Mickey Proctor, Dinky's date; in the arms of Polly's Gary-Cooperish looking man; and in the arms of countless others whose names she didn't catch. She even worried while dancing with short, funny Bugs Carpenter, Lil's escort, and he usually kept her in stitches. Most of all she worried in Tom's arms, but somehow she managed not to show it. She smiled at all of them and said the proper things, but inside she felt as if she'd been whirled in a centrifuge.

Finally the last dance was announced. It was a sweet and slow number, and Tom held her a little more closely than he needed to. She rested her cheek against his lapel and closed her eyes dreamily, forgetting her fear for a moment. When she opened them, Stanley Adams and his partner were right beside them. He seemed to be leering in their direction, and Chris drew back frightened.

"You'll be shipped," she whispered to Tom. "I know you will be, and it's all my fault."

"No, I won't be," he said; "Honest."

She felt a tear slide down her cheek, and she couldn't stop it. The music stopped, and there was a general rush for the doors. Once outside, they were silent for a few minutes.

Then Tom said, "Chris, I guess I might as well confess."

Confess! He'd already been shipped! This was his last fling!

"Confess what, Tom?" she said as calmly as she could.

"That I never was campused at all."

Relief swept over Chris in a cloud. Then anger took its place.

"Why, you unspeakable idiot, didn't you tell me that four hours ago? Why did you tell me you were to begin with? Who do you think—"

"Whoa," Tom cried, "Let me explain. The real reason I didn't think I could come was that I didn't have tails. I was gonna rent 'em, but by the time I got around to it all of my size were gone. I was embarrassed to tell you that so I just said I was campused. At the last minute a buddy of mine lent me his, and, well, what was I to tell you? It was sort of fun being a sacrificing hero for a while, and then before I knew it, I was in so deep that I couldn't very well back out." He grinned sheepishly. "Do you hate me, Chris?"

"What do you think, Tom?" Chris stormed; "The very idea. Really I've never been so completely furious with anybody in my whole life. Embarrassed to tell me the truth! Making up such an impossible tale about tails! Oh, words fail me. If I never see you again, Tom Blake, it'll be too soon."

She turned around and walked away fast, her shoes clicking on the flagstones, paying no heed to Tom's miserable "Chris, please listen." When she passed the front of Fairfax, she noticed Madge and Felix talking earnestly, and looking entirely too pleased with each other. That was the last straw. She picked up her dress and ran feeling tears just behind her lashes.

By the time she reached Hamilton, however, her anger had disappeared, and she was wondering how long Tom would wait before he tried to make up.

"I think I'll let him beg me at least three times before I forgive him," she thought; "The old nut. Maybe that'll teach him a lesson."

Tom stood for a minute in the courtyard and watched Chris's retreating figure.

"Now I've done it," he thought miserably; "I could kick myself."

Then he remembered how worried Chris had been, and especially he recalled the tear that had slid down her soft cheek. He smiled.

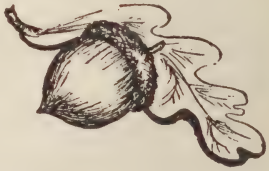
"I think I'll send her a box of candy tomorrow," he thought; "That ought to appease her."

He whistled a tune as he walked away, thinking how nice the making up would be.

THE END.

Fall

ANN PERRY



One red leaf
Fell from the tree,
Then another and another,
Tossing in the hasty wind.
They piled against the fence,
Higher and higher.
Making a frantic heap of color,
Red and yellow and brown, all intermingled.
I saw them there;
I knew that fall had come,
And I was sad.

So The Tree Inclines

Betty Jane Booream

TOBY SHIVERED a little in the chill of the late summer night and dug his bare toes into the side of the steep bank to keep from slipping. He paused a minute and strained his ears to see if he could hear the cry of a hoot owl above the chirping of the crickets. At length it came, faintly but unmistakably, from the direction of the cove across the old phosphate pool. When he heard it, he let go and slid the rest of the way down the bank, turned and answered the call, and then raced toward the boat dock. It was only a matter of moments before Toby pushed the little green row boat into the pool and was inside it, rowing with all his might. Soon he was guiding the little boat skillfully beneath the overhanging trees of a secret cove. The wrinkled and gray Spanish moss hung down from the trees and made it sort of like a cave. Beyond, on the bank, were gnarled oak trees and tropical palms, upright pine trees and squatty palmettoes, their roots entwined in a solid mass. Wild flowers grew alongside the mighty oaks, and stately magnolias, in company with thorny vines. They grew together there—the great and the lowly, the proud and the humble.

"Dick," cried Toby, "where are you?"

"Here I am."

Toby watched Dick scramble down the bank and steadied the boat for him to crawl in.

"I was scared you wouldn't come tonight, Toby. I was scared you'd get caught."

"Naw. Ma was washin' all afternoon and she's plumb wore out. She never stirred when I sneaked past her. How 'bout you?"

"Mother and Dad are out tonight, and for all Aunt Polly knows I'm in bed asleep. Here, let me row awhile."

"O. K. but be keerful."

Dick guided the boat to their favorite fishing spot, and soon they were untangling their lines and baiting their hooks.

"Say, these are some worms," said Dick admiringly; "where'd you find 'em this time?"

"Backa our house they's an ole pit where Uncle 'Lige has his garden. That's where I found 'em. They're sure nuff the best ones we've had. They sure nuff are," said Toby proudly.

"Hey, I've got a bite already," cried Dick. "Feels like a whopper. Here, give me a hand, will ya?"

Soon a flopping trout had been landed, its fins gleaming palely in the moonlight. They fished in silence a while and then Toby caught two in rapid succession.

"I spec I'd better go," sighed Dick as soon as the third fish was in the boat. "I'd hate for Mom and Dad to drive up 'bout the time I was half way through the window."

Toby laughed.

"That'd sho be a pickle all right. I'm kinda sleepy anyhow."

He turned the boat toward the shore, and in a few minutes Dick was climbing out.

"Come go home with me, Toby," he invited. "I'll show you my 'lectric train."

Toby's eyes glistened with longing.

"I'd sho like to," he said, "but Ma don't want me hangin' around the Great House none. She says it ain't fittin'."

"Oh, heck, I want you to come. Why, you're my best friend, and you haven't ever even seen my pony. If you'll come, I'll let you help me feed him in the morning," said Dick coaxingly.

Toby hesitated.

"Naw, I just can't go," he said finally. "Ma'd skin me alive. She don't take to those things. I guess I'd best go now."

The boys parted then—the white boy climbing over the tangled roots, and the black boy pushing out into the lake. Toby Davis would return to his shanty, one of many perched on the side of the bluff near the smoking phosphate plant, and Dick Parkington would climb the gently rolling hills to the Great House.

Dick's home was called this by the working people in that vicinity because of its size and the greatness of the people who lived there. The Parkingtons had owned the huge phosphate plant, the largest in Florida, for generations; and they were proud people. The white, rambling, columned house was a proud thing in itself and seemed to stand nobly on its hill and survey the surrounding domain.

Dick and Toby were the best of friends. Their friendship had begun one day in early summer when Toby, in his little row boat, had passed by Dick, who was fishing from the bank. Dick—bored and lonely most of the time, since there were no boys of his age living near-by—had called and asked Toby if he might ride. Toby had reluctantly agreed, and from that day on the two were inseparable. The opposition of their parents only made them like each other more, and they played, fished, hunted, worked, and dreamed together with the characteristic disregard of youngsters for the things that grownups think are all important.

One night Toby woke up with a start and rubbed his eyes sleepily. Something had awakened him, but he wasn't sure just what it had been. Then he heard it again—the haunting cry of a hoot owl. Dick! But why? They hadn't planned to fish that night, and it was the *next* week they were going 'coon hunting. The cry came again, louder and more insistent. Toby crept out of bed quietly so as not to wake up Benjy and John Mack, stepped carefully over the board that creaked, and made his way silently through the dark kitchen and out the back door.

A few minutes later he was parting the mossy curtain of their hiding place. Dick was crouched on the roots, and even in the darkness Toby could tell something was wrong.

"What is it, Dick?" he asked. "Did you get caught last night or somethun'?"

"No, it's worse than that!"

"Golly Moses, Dick, what is it?"

"They're sending me away to school. I've gotta go *tomorrow*." There was a catch in his voice.

"Golly Moses, Dick," Toby repeated. It was all he could say for a moment.

Dick clambered into the boat, and the two friends looked at each other.

"Why d'ya have to go?" Toby finally managed.

"I don't know, Tobe, honest. Mom says that the school here isn't so hot, and that I oughta have more friends my own age, but, gee whiz, that's not reason enough for me. I'll sure miss you, Toby."

"When'll you be back, Dick?"

"Not 'til next summer. That's a long time."

"Sho' is."

A silence fell between them. Both boys were on the verge of tears.

"I'll be back the third of June," said Dick finally; "Will you meet me here then?"

"Sho' will. That's a long time though. It sho' is."

"Yeah. Well, I guess I'd better go. We're leaving kinda early tomorrow. G'bye, Toby."

"G'bye, Dick. See ya June the third."

They shook hands solemnly with their secret handshake, and parted as they had done so many times. It was hard for Toby to realize as he paddled quickly across the lake that his only friend was leaving him. (He had no close friends among the negro boys because of his close friendship with a white boy.) He thought of all the things that they planned to do, the dreams they'd dreamed, the solemn vows they'd made. By the time he reached the opposite bank, he could control the tears, which had been threatening for the past half hour, no longer. He crouched on the bank beneath the bluff and wept for a long, long time. Then he listlessly made his way back to the shanty.

The winter passed slowly for Toby. He was lonely—lonelier than he'd ever been before in his ten years. He played with Benjy and John Mack, and with Roscoe, who lived next door, but it wasn't much fun. He missed Dick. At last the day came when he realized that in one more week he would see his pal. He bought some new green paint from his own savings and whistled as he brought the old row boat back to life. He whistled too as he got out fishing poles and put new corks, sinkers, lines, and hooks on them—whistled and counted the days. The third of June finally came. Toby dug up from Uncle 'Lige's garden the biggest and longest worms they'd ever had and put them lovingly into the boat with the poles. Then he sat down to wait for darkness, his eyes shining with anticipation.

Toby's mother shook her head sadly and clucked her tongue warningly in her mouth. Perhaps she knew what was to happen. Perhaps she'd known from the very beginning.

As soon as the first tinge of darkness fell, Toby started across the lake and into the long-deserted cove. He gave the secret owl call and waited anxiously for an answer. None come. Oh, well, it was probably too early. He'd wait another hour.

Up in the Great House Dick thought about Toby and the meeting and frowned. He'd brought his roommate home with him and was ashamed to tell him he'd been friends with a Negro.

"Hey, Fred," he called to his roommate, "do you wanta go up and see my electric train?"

"Sure," said Fred. "I'll bet it's not as nice as mine though."

"I bet it is," countered Dick; "I bet it's *twice* as nice."

In the excitement that followed, Toby was forgotten. Later, however, when they were lying in bed talking about the past year, the weird hoot of an owl made Dick remember. He jumped from bed and ran to the window. He put his hands to his mouth to return the call, and then he realized that he couldn't do it. Fred wouldn't understand, and neither would the other boys at school. He lowered his hands and looked down at the lake in the direction of the cove.

"Golly, Dick, those owls around here sure do make a racket. Do they ever stop that noise?" asked Fred as he rolled restlessly over in bed.

"Yes, they stop it," mumbled Dick as he turned quickly from the window—too quickly to see the little green row boat put out from the cove and make its way across the black water toward the shanties on the bluff.

Waddly Duck

BETTY BARBER

A duck went waddling down a path
That led right to a stream.
And when he reached the water's edge
His face began to beam,
For there before his very eyes
Sat Ugly Mug Kneedeep.
Now Mug's a big fat bumpy frog
With eyes so sad, they weep
With tears quite large and round and wet
Yet not a soul knows why.
So waddly duck took as his job
To wipe Mug's tears quite dry.
He thought and thought of some scheme
That might turn out a joke,
For then old Mug would have to laugh
Or on his tears he'd choke.
As waddly duck sat down to think
He heard a funny sound.
And looking up to his surprise
Imagine what he found!
Old Mug held tight to both his sides
And laughed till he turned pink.
For who in all the whole wide world
E'er thought a duck could think?

Ladies of Canterbury

Mary Jane Love

ESPECIALLY in his masterful portrayals of the Wife of Bath and the Prioress, and to a lesser degree—though just as truly—in his pictures of Alisoun, Griselda, May, and Dorigen, Chaucer has made the women in his *Canterbury Tales* more than types. He has given each—even the most saintly—enough humanity, weakness, or personalized description to make her real and individual. Chaucer treats women as human beings worthy of respect and liking. Whether he is writing of clever Alisoun, the patient Griselda, sly May, or the loyal Dorigen, he never makes her soulless or a mere type. "All his (Chaucer's) attention . . . was fixed upon women as human beings, engaged in ordinary activities, living and breathing in the various classes of society, occupied with the virtues or weaknesses of their preference, and withal intensely human."[1] His women add to the reflection of the real, the human, the creative which is everywhere evident in Chaucer. Patch has said that one of Chaucer's women —the Wife of Bath—together with the drama of the marriage cycle is the "most magnificent creation he ever achieved."[2]

Since the Wife of Bath is the most alive of all Chaucer's women, it would be hard to begin a discussion of them with anyone else! Chaucer has given us a wealth of description, dialogue, and narration which makes her intensely real. Her bold, ruddy face, ten-pound kerchief, red hose (for Sundays), moist, new shoes, spurs, "gat-teeth," all present a graphic picture of the "goode Wif." But Chaucer not only tells us how she looks; he has given detail about her daily habits and life which we could not observe merely from our acquaintance with her on the pilgrimage. He tells how she was "out of alle charitee"[3] if anyone went to the offering before her; how that

> Of clooth-makying she had swich an haunt
> She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.[4]

In the Wife's prologue to her tale she is even more highly characterized, as it is here that she begins "her superb self-revelation with its verve and its raciness and its serenely ceaseless flow, no more to be stopped . . . than the course of a planet."[5] The reader is soon aware of the fact that the Wife likes to startle and shock him. Indeed, she does both! She begins her prologue by announcing that her marital experiences are enough authority to permit her to speak of the "wo that is in mariage,"[6] for she has had five husbands "at the chirche dore"[7] (But, truly, she will "welcome the sixte, whan that evere he shal"!)[8]. In defense of her husbands she launches a discussion of chastity and its questionable, to her, desirability. "Bet is" she declares "to be wedded than to brynne."[9] She pauses long enough to wish that it were lawful for her to have as many husbands as Solomon and wives! Maidenhood is not for her. She explains:

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[1]Howard Rollin Patch, **On Rereading Chaucer**, Cambridge, Mass. Harvard University Press, 1939, p. 145.
[2]**Ibid.**, p. 123.
[3]Geoffrey Chaucer, **The Canterbury Tales**, ed. by F. N. Robinson, Cambridge, Mass., The Riverside Press, 1933, "General Prologue," l. 433 (All other references to **The Canterbury Tales** will be made from Robinson's edition).
[4]**Ibid.**, l. 447.
[5]J. L. Lowes, **The Art of Geoffrey Chaucer**, London, H. Milford Press, 1930, p. 230.
[6]Chaucer, "Wife of Bath's Prologue," l.3
[7]**Ibid.**, l. 7
[8]**Ibid.**, l. 44
[9]**Ibid.**, l. 53

Virginitee is great perfeccioun,
And continence eek with devocioun,
But Crist, that of perfeccioun is welle
Bad not every wight he sholde go selle
Al that he hadde, and gyve it to the poore
And in swich wise folwe hym and his foore
He spak to hem that wolde lyve parfitly;
And lordynges, by youre leve, that am not I.[10]

The Wife then gives the pilgrims a resumé and exposé of her married life. She says that three of her husbands—the rich, old ones—were good; but two were bad. Nevertheless, she was able to keep all but the last under her control! With half-proud, yet matter-of-fact, disdain she observes that her husbands

. . . were ful glad whan I spak to hem faire
For, God it woot, I chidde hem spitously.[11]

She admits that she started the quarrels between herself and her husbands:

I pleyned first, so was oure werre ystynt.[12]

The exposé continues as the Wife gives the pilgrims a review of the cutting remarks and punishments which her husbands have inflicted upon her. She has been likened to a cat, called a gossip, boxed on the ears. But, in spite of the tribulation she has known in marriage (of which she is "expert in al her age"![13]) the Wife is full of the joy of living. In happy recollection she bursts forth

But Lord Crist! whan that it remembreth me
Upon my youthe, and on my jolitee,
It tikleth me aboute myn herte roote.[14]

She dismisses her passionate nature by recollecting that she was born under the signs of Venus and Mars. What she is, then, is her birthright, and she plans to enjoy it. She can only regret that "evere love was synne."[15] As for husbands (good or bad) she likes lots of them!

. . . And Jesu Crist us sende
Housbandes meeke, yonge, and fresshe abedde,
And grace to overbyde hem that we wedde;
And eek I praye Jhesu shorte hir lyves
That would not be governed by hir wyves.[16]

Never has there been a character quite like the Wife of Bath. Patch says that she is a "bon-fire that kindles heat rather than light; but it does warm the hands and heart."[17] She is human and real; one can feel Chaucer's delight in her creation. As a figure, she is perhaps the greatest of the pilgrims and characters introduced in *The Canterbury Tales*.[18] We can know her as we can know few of the other pilgrims. Her frank, loud-mouthed crudity of language, her spontaneous, uninhibited action, her flashy, conspicuous dress make her a sort of special and beloved clown. Chaucer makes us feel with her, but draws her so cleverly that we can not help laughing, too.

[10]Ibid., l. 105
[11]Ibid., l, 222
[12]Ibid., l. 389
[13]Ibid., l, 173
[14]Ibid., l. 470
[15]Ibid., l. 614
[16]Ibid., l. 1257
[17]Patch, p. 167
[18]Lowes, p. 230

The same genius that has created the superb figure of the Wife of Bath is evident—though to a lesser degree—in the other women of the *Canterbury Tales*. After the Wife, the Prioress is most highly characterized of them. The other women compose a heirarchy of individualization, in which the important factor is not the degree of individualization so much as it is the fact that they are individualized at all Certainly Chaucer's contemporaries and predecessors in medieval literature did not find characterization necessary. But Chaucer has given even the most insignificant character a touch of weakness, personalized description, or humanity that makes her real and more than a type.

Alisoun is a good example of Chaucer's ability to add interest to a character. Personalized description makes her distinctive. Chaucer saw her "as a delicious morsel; she made him think of the loveliness of the early-pear tree, the fragrance of apples lying in hay, the softness of the wool of a wether."[19] His descriptive detail in the treatment of Alisoun is highly picturesque. She is as small as a weazel, as gay as a colt. Dancing, animalistic figures help produce the same type of characteristics in Alisoun. And it is her gay, irresponsible animalism that saves her from condemnation. The reader does not stop to question Alisoun's behavior, be it amoral or immoral. Her complete physical perfection and desirability make the turn of events natural and almost expected. Professor Lowes declares that Chaucer's treatment of Alisoun is a masterpiece. "The portrait runs faultlessly true in its method to the stock conventions which, with devastating uniformity, list the lady's charms in scores upon scores of fourteenth century and earlier French poems . . . Chaucer has kept the mould and thrown to the winds the stock details that fill it."[20] The description of Alisoun is completely delightful and at once realistic. Chaucer saw her as a fine product of nature, and any touch of perfection moved him.[21]

To make Griselda real is a decidedly different task from that which Chaucer faced in individualyzing Alisoun. Griselda's saintliness almost relegates her to typicality, but Chaucer adds a touch of human feeing and rebelliousness which saves her from being completely true to the long-standing epithet, "patient Griselda." When Walter's henchman comes for her first child, Griselda submits, but reluctantly.

> And in her harm this litel childe she leyde
> With ful sad face, and gan the childe to kisse
> And lulleth it, and after gan it bless.[22]

And we sense even more reluctance—almost rebellion—in Griselda's words as she speaks to Walter after he has had her second child taken from her, presumably to die:

> I have noght had no part of children tweyne
> But first siknesse, and after wo and peyne.[23]

After Griselda has accepted in super human fashion Walter's putting her away for a new wife, the reader is gratified that she manifests a touch of human curiosity in desiring to see her successor. The joy of relief she experiences when reunited with her children is another humanizing element. There is realism in her salty tears. Chaucer writes that

> For pitous joye, and after hire swonynge
> She bathe hire yonge children to hire calleth,

[19]Patch, p. 182
[20]Lowes, p. 218
[21]Patch, p. 183
[22]Ibid., "Clerk's Tale," l. 550
[23]Ibid., l. 649

And in hire armes, pitously wepying,
Embraceth hem, and tendrely kissynge
Ful lyk a mooder with hire salte teeres
She bathed both her visage and hire heeres.[24]

Shrewd, sly, unfaithful, May is the antithesis of Griselda. But Chaucer has dealt skillfully with both of them. His genius seems to know no limits in its scope of character portrayal! May's

. . . fresshe beauty and hir age tendre
Hir mydel smal, hire armes longe and sklendre
Hir wis governaunce, hir gentilesse,
Hir wommanly berynge, and hir sadnesse.[25]

—these are the things which individualize her as she meets the eye. Unlike Alisoun, however, May is more than a gem of physical beauty. There is something in addition to what "meets the eye." May is capable of calculating deception and gainful lying. Throughout the merchant's tale one can feel her laughing at the old knight as she deceives him. Chaucer says of her,

But God woot what that May thoughte in hir herte
Whan she hym sough up sittyng in his sherte,
In his nyght-cappe and with his nekke lene;
She preyseth not his pleynyng worth a bene.[26]

Her words to the old knight just prior to the pear-tree incident are filled with cool, unfeeling deception and falsity:

'I have', quod she, 'a soule to kepe
As wel as ye and also myn honour
And of my wyfhood thilke tendre flour,
Which that I have assured in youre hand
Whan that the preest to you my body bond;
Wherfore I wole answere in the manere,
By the leve of yow, my lord so deere
I prey to God that nevere dawe the day
That I ne starve, as foule as woman may
If evere I do unto my kyn that shame
Or elles I empeyne so my name
That I be fals; and if I do that lak
Do strepe me and put me in a sak,
And in the next ryver do me drenche'.[27]

The duped old knight lacks presence of mind to realize what has happened to him even after Pluto restores his sight. May's trickery is successful, and the reader almost rejoices with her! She far transcends typicality, for throughout the tale she is individual not only in appearance, but also in motives and means of achieving an end.

Chaucer has characterized Dorigen of the Franklin's Tale in a fashion quite different from that he used with May. Except for the statement that she was "oon the faireste under soonne"[28], there is little description of her physical being. She is unlike

[24]Ibid., l. 1079
[25]Ibid., Merchant's Tale," l. 1601
[26]Ibid., l. 1851
[27]Ibid., l. 2188
[28]Ibid., "Franklin's Tale," l. 735

any medieval conception of woman which has been introduced in the *Canterbury Tales*. Neither shrews nor saint, she is, rather, an intelligent, honorable, capable woman who is withal human. Her marriage is distinctive in that she and Averagus regard each other as equals and as human beings. Neither rules the other, and each submits to the wishes of the other. Dorigen is not spoiled by the freedom of their relationship, but loves and respects Averagus for trusting her. Her grief and loneliness during his absence show that Averagus and Dorigen have carried certain aspects of courtly love into their marriage relationship. One can almost envision the solitary figure of Dorigen as she stands on the rocky shores of Brittany, longing for the sight of a ship that will return Averagus to her. Chaucer tells us her thoughts:

> 'Is there no ship, of so manye as I se,
> Sol bryngen hom my lord? Thanne were myn herte
> Al worisshed of his bittre peynes smerte!
> Another tyme ther wolde she sitte and thynke,
> And caste her eyen dounward.[29]

Throughout the tale the reader suffers vicarious mental torture with Dorigen as first she is intensely lonely for Averagus and then involves herself with Aurelius in a troth she did not expect to have to keep. Dorigen's problem distresses the reader almost as much as it does her; and, with her, he gropes for a solution. As Dorigen goes to keep her troth with Aurelius, her resignation to the high appeal of honor—coupled with the agony which her decision begets—calls forth the reader's deepest sympathy. And the reader's sympathy is good proof of the excellency of Chaucer's characterization.

To a careless reader the Prioress might have been mistaken for a saintly type. Patch notes she is "certainly not a saint"[30], nor is she, according to Manly, "a mere generalized type, but an individual."[31] We know her name, the extent of her oaths,

> (Hir gretteste oath was buy by Seinte Loy)[32]

her manner of singing, her fondness for pets.

> Of smale houndes hadde she that she fedde
> With rosted flessh, or milke and wastelbreed.
> But soone wepte she if oon of hem were deed,
> Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte;
> And al was conscience and tendre herte.[33]

Madame Eglentyne was not without social consciousness; she tried to imitate manners of court and speak the fashionable language of the upper classes, even if it must needs be "after the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe."[34] All this did not keep her from being aware of her position in the medieval church and from trying to "ben holden digne of reverence."[35] She was important enough to be attended on this pilgrimage by a nun and three priests and was one of the few members of the party who commanded the respect of the "none too mealy-mouthed host."[36]

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[29]**Ibid.**, 1, 854
[30]Patch, p. 152
[31]Manly, p. 202
[32]Chaucer, "General Prologue," 1. 120
[33]**Ibid.**, 1. 146
[34]**Ibid.**, 1. 125
[35]**Ibid.**, 1. 141
[36]Eileen Power, **Medieval People**, Boston and N. Y. Houghton-Mifflin Co., 1927, p. 83

The minute detail describing the Prioress' personal appearance also greatly individualizes her. We see her "symple and coy" smile, pinched wimple, straight nose, gray eyes, small mouth, fair forehead,

(It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe.)[37]

her fashionable cloak, her bracelet-rosary with *Amor Vincit Omnia* thereon. Professor Lowes observes that in all these touches we see the "engagingly imperfect submergence of the feminine in the ecclesiastical."[38] The Prioress is surpassed in characterization only by the wife; and, indeed, it has been said that she "emerges as a great lady, as clear as the Wife of Bath."[39] Chaucer's portrayal of the Prioress is a "matchless portrait, exquisite in its delicacy."[40]

His magnificent treatment of these women is one more evidence of Chaucer's genius. He has left no character a mere personified abstraction. Legouis writes that Chaucer's characterization is "not limited to the drawing of . . . truthful and delicate portraits, which by fixing the features, impart to them a certain immobility . . . He does not let us forget that the speaker is a living being whose gestures and tone of voice are peculiar to him."[41] His genius finds expression in terms of character, and however much humor and pathos come into play, basically it is human character that finds him at his best[42]. And his women, especially the Wife, are unexcelled examples of characterization.

[37]Chaucer, "General Prologue," l. 155
[38]Patch, p. 152, in referring to Lowes' statement.
[39]Patch, p. 152
[40]Patch, p. 152
[41]E. Logus, **Geoffrey Chaucer**, New York, E. P. Dutton and Co., p. 173
[42]Patch, p. 137

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My Green Eyed Susan

Ann Emerson

ALOOFNESS is the keynote of Susan's personality. There are times when it would be an enormous travesty of the truth to call her mine. These are the times when she definitely belongs only to herself; when every twist and quirk of her supple body proudly proclaim her indifference to me and mine. Being feminine to the tips of her furry toes, she claims a woman's prerogative to change her moods with mercurial swiftness. She can become the clinging vine type effortlessly. Mutely, or sometimes vociferously, she pitifully implores the service, care, affection and consideration (chiefly the service) which are and should be the due of a helpless little Persian cat.

Technically speaking—a term I have never liked by the way—Susan belongs to me. She was in the bosom of her family, surrounded by frolicsome brothers and sisters and a doting mother when I first saw her. The minx approved of me. Or else she quickly saw I was the easily wrapped around the paw type. By accident or forethought, she *sat* her fluffy grey body smack against the large meshed wire of her cage-home, turned her flat nosed little face my way and deliberately looked at me with unwinking green eyes. The lady who owned the little menagerie was busily pointing out the high-lights of well-born Persian kittens, such as their tiny ears, short tails, and large feet. It seems that the plebean Tom of the alleycat has the opposite of each of these characteristics. My mother who had accompanied me (she is useful when the time comes to make out the check on expeditions such as this one) was delicately hinting a boy cat would suit our purposes for various reasons better than a girl. I chose Susan. She was my birthday gift that year. A diamond tiara would not have pleased me as much.

There were definite repercussions when Susie joined our menage. She was a living proof of the school of thought that a gal possessed of enough beauty and charm can get away with murder. She reduced the Scotty to futile rage by rubbing her fur against his nose, clawed the curtains into ribbons, the sofa had to be done over in three months' time, and her favorite and unshakable resting place for frequent naps was and still is the dining table. Lest this should meet my mother's eye, let me hasten to uphold the family's standard of fastidiousness by saying that when our turn comes to gather round the festive board, an asbestos pad and cloth cover the table top.

The Mater Familiae hints darkly that one of our friends has never been quite the same since unexpectedly coming upon Susie taking her siesta on our table. The aforementioned lady, by the by, has the reputation that one could eat off her floor, her house is so meticulously clean. Why one would want to, is beyond me. So the chances are a stubborn cat will never sleep on her floor, much less the dinner table. Neither will she ever know the satisfaction of having a beautiful blue Persian come mincing up to the corner to meet her, placing her feet on the ground as though shod in the highest of high heels, paying no heed to other pedestrians, coming unswervingly to you. I wish I might also record that lady misses the bliss of having Susie jump on her lap, snuggling affectionately, purring contentedly the while. I miss it too. If one does induce her to stay put a few minutes, she invariably begins to beat a rhythmic little patting of one's shoulder with her front paws, unsheathing her claws with each pat just sharply enough to make the incident an uncomfortable business. Paradoxically, she appreciates a love pat on her furry head or back when she is coiled up asleep, whether she may be on the above-mentioned table, window-sill or out-door flower box.

In affairs of the heart, alas, Susan like many another lovely lady, showed a lamentable lack of judgment. One of the many applicants for her favor, the family with one accord favored a huge elegant Persian. His coat was also grey, but embellished with swaggering tiger-like stripes. He possessed a courtly, dashing, diabolical air that was intriguing. But he did not appeal to Susan. Her fancy fastened on the boy next door. He was the most unlikely looking lad of them all. He truly possessed the negative of every characteristic her erstwhile owner had mentioned as desirable. His body was black and insignificant, his ears, mule like in length, his tail long and dwindling, and his little white vest and small white feet were somehow suggestive of a waiter. Coupled with the sneaky, harrowed expression of one who has seen the seamy side of life, he was anything but attractive. Sir Tiger had him bested in every way but one. Mr. Mongrel was the younger of the two. So perhaps youth called to youth.

Susan's family took after their father without exception. Their soft, squirming little bodies were jet black with white vests, and their ears and tails grew out of all proportion to the rest of their anatomies. Visions of growing rich via the sale of Persian kittens swiftly took wings, but Susan and I admired them nevertheless. As I pointed out to dubious friends upon whom I bestowed them, their eyes were green like their mother's.

Susan accepted her maternal role with philosophical calm rather than with fierce all-out devotion of most animal mothers. She washed their faces thoroughly, if a bit punctiliously, combed their hair, taught them to slap back at each other and to lap their milk from a saucer. But she had a neat trick of winding the little family up into a warm sleeping ball and then slipping away from them. Doubtless she thought it unwise to give up all outside contacts and become too enmeshed in the daily grind of housewifely affairs. When the last baby had been placed in a good home, life slipped back into its former routine.

Which brings us up to the present and a mystery which every member of the family has been trying to solve for several months. Where does Susan go at night? During the day, I can always put my finger on Susan, winter or summer. As she grows older she sleeps a great part of the day, but in plain view, either indoors or out. But come night, after she has eaten her supper, she simply disappears. There is no trace of her either in the yard, basement or garage. Regardless of how vigorously she is called, it is impossible to unearth her. Come morning, she and the paper are always on the front porch; (at least) she is, the one audibly, the other silently, awaiting admission. If one chances to be awake about daybreak, (I have this from other members of the family as I never chance to be) Susan can be heard coming up the sidewalk from a considerable distance, crying faintly at first, then louder as she draws nearer. Not a soft cry, but a loud, plaintive demanding howl. Perhaps in some former reincarnation, a well-born Persian maiden walked to the wells at daybreak, each morning, singing a song of welcome to the coming day.

Snoodles

Ann Perry

HAVE YOU MET a snoodle? Snoodles are as common on college campuses as gremlins were in the Air Corps. In fact, some Snoodles trace their family trees back to the Ancient and Perverse Order of Gremlins, distantly and vaguely related, of course. These are the more aristocratic snoodles such as Snoodle, Duke of Marmalade and Snoodles, Countess of Dutch Cleanser. Snoodles have one eccentricity more outstanding than any other eccentricities they possess: that of all having as their first name, Snoodles. A snoodle, for instance, instead of being named Hiram Snoodle or Maybelle Snoodle, is named Snoodle Hiram or Snoodle Maybelle.

But perhaps you would like to hear the history of the snoodle race. It began back in the ancient year, 1943, after the second World War. There was a gremlin named Smider, recently discharged from the Air Corps on having reached the advanced age of three months, three weeks, two days, eleven hours, and fifty-two minutes, to say nothing of twenty-one and a half seconds. This particular gremlin wished to become adjusted to civilian life as soon as possible and so apprenticed himself to a printer. His duties were simple and for a time he had no trouble in controlling the gremlin in him. But one day his nerves snapped and he became completely a gremlin again. All of his good resolutions flew to the four winds respectively as his eyes took on the ghastly glow of a neon Pepsi-Cola sign. He tickled his left ear with his right hand three times and balanced himself on five toes and five fingers for six minutes, but it was no good. Smider's wartime self became dominant.

Fate winked at Smider and played guilelessly into his hands. The small gremlin pivoted on his toes and saw a layout three times for the Hugey-Biggy Grocery Store waiting to be printed. He smiled a gremlin smile and danced a gremlin dance. He circled the layout three times and then pounced. Carefully picking the "S" from the end of "noodles—only 20¢," he put it at the first of the word. The damage was done, and the snoodles were created. Smider smiled with glee, for it was the way of gremlins to do much damage with little labor.

The printer unsuspectingly began to run off the ad for the Hugey-Biggy Grocery Store in quantities of five hundred late in the morning. As each sheet came off the press, a snoodle picked himself off the sheet, dried the ink from his green britches and hopped out the door. (It is a snoodle that is always hopping.) By late afternoon the printer had created five hundred snoodles, had discovered his mistake, and had fired Smider, the wayward gremlin.

But the damage had been done by the creation of five hundred snoodles. They met under the glove counter of the Emporium and organized their campaign to terrorize mankind. First, they organized an heirarchy to consist of five and a half classes of knights, dukes, earls, baronets, counts, and half-counts. (Since all snoodles are no-counts, this class was naturally not included in the nobility.) After a brief but stormy election, Snoodle Jeal Val Pierre was selected as Snoodle King, giving him the title of the head High and Least Honorable Grandfather of Heaven Snoodle Jean Val Pierre. The Snoodle King ruled wisely and well so that soon his snoodles were wreaking incomplete and disorganized havoc wherever they might be. This did not satisfy the Snoodle, however; and a special meeting of the Congraments was called to consider the problem. This learned body decided after a violent discussion in which Snoodle Peter Van Potter

struck Snoodle Samuel Smith across the antenna with his anterior antelobes, that in the colleges the most damage could be done. The die was cast. The Rubicon was crossed. Snoodle Jean Val Pierre dismissed the Congrament, and a new era of torment began for the college student, young, old, male, female, rich, poor, etc. etc.

Now the Snoodles have infiltrated so skillfully into the colleges that they are generally not noticed until their damage is almost done. After a snoodle has completed his six days basic training, he is assigned a college which he works under the general supervision of a more advanced Snoodle. After he has shown his proficiency, he is placed in command of his own group and given free rein.

Consider, for instance, the typical history of Snoodle Rasputin Jones. He entered the Snoodle S. S. Corps June 10, 1946, was graduated June 16, 1946, and was assigned to work under Snoodle Mahatmi Brown for a period of further instruction. After three months at Davidson College with Snoodle Mahatmi Brown, he was transferred to Queens College, an institution for women of questionable brains and unbelievable personality. Having shown himself to be a complete success at this assignment, Snoodle Rasputin Jones was permanently given this post and eventually worked himself up to the post of Chief Snoodle in charge of Destruction. He will probably hold this position until his death when, God rest his soul, he will be buried in the Snoodle Cemetery with full Snoodle honors.

Only a few of the Snoodles' tricks have been uncovered as yet, but there is hope that by parachuting an OSS agent into their midst other data will be collected. The Snoodle tricks which have been analyzed show a remarkably keen mind and an unquestionably fine sense of timing. One of their favorites is to joggle the pen of a student just as he writes the last word on a page of a term paper, requiring the rewriting of the whole page. Another of their pet fancies is to hide a student's books so that he must search for them and is late for class. Many and varied and subtle are their tactics for driving college students to the brink of insanity—and sometimes over into the slough of Despond.

It is hard to describe a Snoodle. A Snoodle always wears britches of a distinctive snoodle green with a snoodle yellow jacket and a snoodle pink hat, surmounted by a huge black cock feather. A snoodle has antennae, in length proportionate to the size of the snoodle's head. A snoodle's face is distinctive; it could belong to nothing other than a snoodle. A long, angular nose is balanced by two merry, triangular eyes, deceiving in their friendly twinkle. The snoodle's mouth is always large and always upturned. But the most outstanding characteristic of the Snoodle is his eyebrows which are in the shape of inverted question marks. A snoodle is never still, but always hopping or sliding or buzzing. A snoodle is unmistakably a Snoodle. Look on him, O ye people, and beware!

Pants Is

— BY A SMALL BOY

PANTS IS THINGS which little boys wear. Big boys wear them, too. Pants is made out of two pant. A pant covers one leg and half besides. Pants covers two legs and all besides. Most pants needs belts or suspenders to hold them up. Some pants needs both belts and suspenders to keep them up. They is difficult pants.

Pants comes in three sizes: too long, too short, and just right. Just right is best, but too long is better than too short. If pants is too long they can be rolled up, but if pants is too short, they is just all wrong. It is important that pants fits right as pants is necessary.

Pants is supposed to be plain, but they can have some fanciness. There is pockets, first. Pockets usually comes on the side and in the back. Pockets on the sides is for hands and pennies. Pockets in the back is for slingshots and for handkerchiefs. Some pants has a little pocket called a "watch pocket," but this pocket is better for special treasures like fish hooks and earthworms. Some pants has cuffs, but during the war there wasn't none (cuff). Cuffs is good, and cuffs is bad. Cuffs can be an extra pocket which is useful. Cuffs can also keep sand in them and let people know that you've been swimming when you didn't ought to have and should have been in school.

Pants is made out of all kinds of material. There is corduroy (which is good and comfortable), wool (which tickles), and cotton (which gets awful dirty). The color of pants is important because it will show dirt if it's wrong. White is most terrible because it gets dirty. Tan is best because dirt can be rubbed in, and it don't show. Some pants has patches which looks good, or which looks bad. If patches is at the knees it is all right, but if patches is where you sit down, it is not so good. If patches is the same material and the color, it is all right, but if patches is a different color, it is embarrassing.

Pants is important. They comes in many kinds. But pants is pants.

American Tragedy

FLORA ANN NOWELL

How cruel is society which scorns
A man because his skin is ebony;
How narrow is the one of us who mourns
That all negroes are not across the sea;
How blind are those who in the face of such
Great souls as Carver, Anderson, and Wright
Can say that black folks aren't worth very much
Except to serve and honor us and fight
For our "democracy," our "way of life."
How democratic does our nation seem
To those who're doomed to weary years of strife
'Gainst prejudice? Must they not ever dream
Of life beyond, where angels look the same,
And no dividing lines can hurt and shame?

Skyway

BETTY BARBER

A speckle whirled down from the blue
And land right on my left shoe,
I stooped way down and looked at it,
And saw it was an Erthalgrit.
I picked it up and then I saw
That he had hurt his left hind paw.
I said, "Poor Erthalgrit, how sad,
Now have you hurt your hind paw bad?"
But he just smiled at me and said,
"It doesn't hurt like does my head.
I flew along this early morn,
Just honking on my little horn,
And met a stubborn red-black Glur,
Who wouldn't move and so Bang! Burr!
We bumped and here I am you see,
All bent and broken in my knee.
And I'm the mayor of the sky,
And make the laws on when to fly
And how and what to do, and not.
And here I am in this poor spot.
'Twas all his fault and he shall pay.
He ran right through the traffic way,
When lightening bug had just turned green,
And 'twas my go (to go, I mean)
Oh, well, I'm still all in one piece."
And off he flew to Turkey-Greece.
And I went home and left the park,
Because 'twas getting awfully dark.

To A Forgotten Love

BARBARA JEAN FANT

I think that I have quite forgotten you.
Not often do I start when people say
Your name. And when I see a twilight's blue
It's seldom that I think about the way
Your eyes are colored with that misty light.
The time is rare when I remember how
You'd smile at me and make my whole world bright.
And only on occasion do I now
Recall the music of your laugh, and miss
The way you'd take my hand when things went wrong.
At last the memory's fading of your kiss,
Except when night comes or I hear our song.
Now I have severed each connecting link
And quite forgotten our romance—I think.

Book Reviews

Thomas Costain: The Black Rose

Ann Perry

THE BLACK ROSE is a romantic novel in the real sense of the word. It is a tale of high adventures in far Cathay, centering around a chivalrous young Englishman and a beautiful Grecian girl. Mr. Costain has woven his story around three powerful historic characters; Edward the First of England; the Mongolian general, Bayan of the Hundred Eyes; and the scientist, Roger Bacon.

England in the backwash of the Crusades was aflame with discontent. The common people were beginning to rise against the lords who ruled the land in defiance of their king. It was against this background that Walter of Burnie was forced to leave Oxford after a student's fight with the authorities. When he returned to his home, Walter felt again the sting of his illegitimacy and left England on refusing to enter the king's services. The great trip to China began then, and Walter became a sort of glorified Marco Polo.

The romance of Walter with the gentle, impetuous Maryam is handled with a restraint amazing in a modern novel. The historical background has an authenticity which is again surprising. This is not a great book, but it is an interesting and satisfying novel.

Konstantine Simonov: Days and Nights

AN EXHAUSTED WOMAN sat leaning against the clay wall of the shed and in a quiet, tired voice told how Stalingrad had burned—" This first sentence of Konstantine Simonov's new book, DAYS AND NIGHTS, is typical of the power of understatement and beauty of description sustained throughout the entire book. The story is of the battle for, and ultimate recapture of, Stalingrad by the Russian army. It shows again and again the courage of the Russian soldiers, their power and ability to battle stubbornly against superior forces, but, above all, their humanity. These are not automatons in the garb of soldiers; these are men living under desperate circumstances, but intensifying rather than losing their powers to feel.

Captain Alexei Saburov is one of these men, and it is about him that the story of DAYS AND NIGHTS revolves. Saburov and his battalion are ordered up to Stalingrad to relieve another group, and it is there that their Odyssey begins. For Saburov the adventure commences on the boat bearing the battalion across the Volga to Stalingrad, for it is here that he meets Anya Klimenko, who is a nurse and hospital assistant. They are attracted to each other, but for a time nothing comes of it.

Alyosha, as Saburov is nicknamed, is busy with his piece of the war, trying to hold blocks at first, then streets, then buildings in Russian territory. He is wounded, and Anya takes him to her home so that she can care for him. A change comes into their relationship then, for they find that they are deeply in love. From this point the story

sweeps on with the same relentless force that has characterized it from the first. Alyosha makes several perilous night trips through the German lines; Anya is wounded, and the great climax, a counter-offensive is launched for the ruins of the once great and proud city of Stalingrad.

In this book there is nothing that is weak or grandiose. It is true and powerful writing. It is also beautiful and meticulous, striking in its naturalness. DAYS AND NIGHTS is one of the best books to have been produced out of World War II.

ANN PERRY

Halloween

BETTY BARBER

Spider webs and dusty floors
Dingy walls and rusty doors
Scattered straw and tattered rags
Battered room that leans and sags
Bats encircling in the beams
While a candle boldly gleams
Casting shadows weird and wide
Dancing as they run and hide
Wanting to escape the view
That appears at witch's brew
Boils in smoky blackened urns
Stirred by Merlins. Boils and burns
Burns and boils with all its might
This is witch's festive night.
Brooms will fly and cats will glare
Staring with an icy stare
Green-eyed slits and rainbowed back.
Curious bundle, lumpy sack
Hidden in the fields of corn
Pumpkin-guarded, quite forlorn.
Blackest night of all the year
Halloween will soon be here.

Editorials

The Road to Peace Through the United Nations Organization

BETTINA MARABLE

THERE IS NOTHING that the world can do to solve the problems of war and peace! There is no way to get at the heart of a solution until one studies the causes of wars. We are convinced that the road to lasting, prosperous peace shall be found through the United Nations Organization. The fact that the foreign ministers cannot always get together does not indicate a complete failure on the part of the United Nations Organization.

The symbol of the United Nations Organization is a gilt map of the world with olive branches entwined around it. These olive branches symbolize a peace that envelopes the world. The aim and goal of the international organization is peace, and our representatives are going about the realization of this goal in an orderly manner. The leaders of the world have at last decided to make their own intellect and genius the servants of peace.

When we condemn the United Nations Organization as a failure because one statesman cannot agree with another, we are being very foolish. We do not condemn the whole set-up of the Christian church merely because one denomination does not agree with another. We would certainly be considered radicals if we did. It is one and the same thing to consider the whole organization a failure because two representatives of different nations do not have the same opinion on a subject. It is frequently true that the unusual makes the news and that columnists prefer disagreements rather than agreements. There is not much to be discussed about an agreement; so it would not be considered a choice piece of news. As a result we realize that the public hears a great deal about the failures of the United Nations Organization and hears little about its successes!

One of the main causes of war throughout the ages has been the unequal standard of living across the earth. The United Nations Organization has come far in putting into action their theory that the problems of peace cannot be solved until we sturdy thoroughly the causes of war. Through its Economic and Social Council and its Educational and Scientific Cultural Organization, the United Nations Organization is well on its way to finding solutions to some of its problems.

The nature of problems on which she must pass decisions has placed a terrible burden on the United Nations Organization which may lead to a rupture of the peace. The very fact that any nation, no matter how small, can file a complaint against any other nation, no matter how large, is a good thing in itself, but it is also an indication of the multitude of problems which present themselves to the United Nations Organization for consideration. There cannot be a perfect decision in every case of any problem the United Nations may face!

The United Nations Organization also show judgment in a ruling they made as a result of a complaint filed by Russia against the British troops stationed in Iran. When Iran first protested against Russia's action and then arranged private settlement and withdrew her protest, the United Nations Organization ruled that once a protest was filed they would complete their investigation of the matter even though the protest might be withdrawn. The United Nations Organization was foresighted enough to see that one country might take an unfair advantage of another by forcing or bribing them to make a settlement outside of the Security Council. Settlements such as these could have a very bad effect upon the entire world.

We cannot be pessimistic and win the peace. The United Nations Organization needs the help and support of each and every citizen of the world. We cannot strike and have demonstrations and in the same moment condemn the United Nations Organization as a failure. If the United Nations Organization is a failure, it is our fault entirely! The United Nations Organization cannot, however, fail because our lives depend upon its success. We shall have peace, and it is up to us!

The Housing Shortage

Belva Morse

ALL OVER the United States today people are constantly hearing the cries of hundreds of people who are desperately searching for a place to live. One cannot pick up the paper without finding advertisements pertaining to this subject. Such items as "living quarters urgently needed for veteran, wife, and child who have been separated for a year by the housing shortage" and "businessman and wife are desperately in need of home" fill the classified columns.

What is going to happen to these people? Is there no place for them to go? Yes, the veteran might find just the place he has been looking for. As an example, take the five room cottage that is being advertised. It sounds like just the place, but upon inquiry our veteran discovers that the house sold for $3500 before the war and is now selling for $8000. How many veterans are able to make the twenty per cent down-payment that is required on the purchase of an $8000 house? In my opinion there are very few. The businessman may find the ideal home for his charming wife. The lovely home with paneled den in which he could entertain his business associates would be perfect, but there is one thing; the house sold for $16,000 before the war, now is selling for $30,000. This is too much for second-hand real estate.

There are no homes for rent; they are all for sale. Renting houses is not a profitable business in this day because of the O. P. A. rent ceiling. The classified ad section carries the list each day of houses that are for sale, but the average person cannot afford the high prices that are asked.

It seems that the war has given people a grand opportunity to get rid of old real estate and to make a very high profit on it. Not only are old homes being sold, but many comparatively new ones are also changing owners. People have become so money-crazy that they are selling their homes for great profits and then are finding that they are without a place to live. "So you can sell your house for a big profit? But where

is the profit in selling an article for one dollar if another like it will cost two?"[1] This is the question that should be raised in the minds of those who have become so desirous of wealth.

The situation of the housing shortage is certainly a serious one. The hope of many right now is that the peak of inflation will be reached by early 1947. The price drop after this peak is reached will cause a decrease in the cost of real estate. If this does not happen, the only solution will come with the passing of time. Eventually there will be a plenitude of building materials. This will cause an increase in the construction of residences, and the value of second-hand houses will decline.

[1]**The Charlotte Observer**—September 28, 1946

Boobear

BETTY BARBER

Boobear went out to swim one day,
When Big Wigwump got in his way,
And wouldn't let him pass on by.
So Boobear half shut his brown eye
And thought and thought and thought some more,
And then he yawned, "My, what a bore."
And turned and went the other way,
And thought, "Well, it's a rainy day,
And I'm not scared of Big Wigwump.
I could have took a great big jump
And landed in the swimming pool,
But really it would be quite cool,
And it's a rainy, rainy day,
For me to swim just anyway."
So Boobear walked away and sang,
"I heard the bluebells when they rang."